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MOUNT PARNASSUS

Fragments from Parnassus

*Being Parts or the Whole of Great
and Good Poems : Edited by*
CHARLES L. DANA

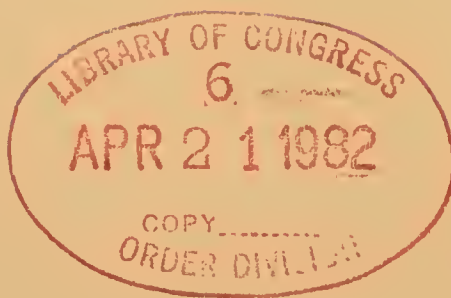
THIRD AND ENLARGED EDITION



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PREFACE

It is a great mistake to think that one must read all of a given poem. The delight of beauty is often found only in a single passage or verse, while the whole poem may be a feeble thing.

We believe it is a good thing to have a collection of portions of verse, portions which touch the heart, or which ought to do so.

We present, therefore, some "Fragments from Parnassus", torn from lower summits as well as from the higher. We hope that this venture may interest some in the Great Art.

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Fragments from Parnassus

*“Those whom Helicon’s sweet waters please from mocking crowds
receive contempt alone.”—Petrarch*

The Passionate Poet

Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate of England, is usually thought of as “classical”, faultless and rather cold. He sings also of the wisdom of joy and speaks of death as the time when

“Pleasure, aging to her full increase,
Puts on perfection, and is throned in peace.”

But he sometimes becomes a passionate poet:

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live and laughing higher;

Thro’ the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strewn,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:
This he taught us, this he knew,
Happy in his science true.

The Linnet's Song

Of this often quoted poem by J. E. Flecker a critic writes: "In its purity of outlines, its grace, the suggestion of its restraint, it seems inevitable; one feels that it must have sprung as spontaneously from the mind of its creator as a blade of grass grows from the soil."

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.
At last they knew that they had died,
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

The Recessional

Kipling's greatest poem needs to be read often—or parts of it.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valient dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

For the Game's Sake

Henry Newbolt is a contemporary poet who loves to write of conflicts and conquest.

To set the Cause above Renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor while you strike him down
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

Ad Coelum

At the muezzin's call for prayer,
The kneeling faithful thronged the square,
And on Pushkara's lofty height
The dark priest chanted Brahma's might.
Amid a monastery's weeds
An old Franciscan told his beads;
While to the synagogue there came
A Jew, to praise Jehovah's name.
The one great God looked down and smiled
And counted each his loving child;
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew
Had reached him through the gods they knew.

Harry Romaine

The Nautilus

Oliver Wendell Holmes was not a major poet, but sometimes minor poets strike chords which bring forth the resonance of genius. Holmes sang his loftiest in *The Nautilus*:

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown self by life's unresting sea.

The Celestial Surgeon

I think it is George Moore who has said that Stevenson did not know how to write stories and that his philosophy of life was a tuberculous optimism, harmful to human progress.

We give below The Celestial Surgeon of Stevenson. It is a good thing for the tired, cross business man and woman. They can read it and see if they do not think Mr. Moore's view is not just as "punk" as are most of his contributions to human opinion.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piecing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

Francis Thompson on Love

Francis Thompson was perhaps the most unhappy and unhealthy genius England ever produced. He was for a long time a penniless beggar wandering through the streets of London, and spending for opium what he could beg or earn. He ranks, however, among the greater Victorian poets and his first editions, signed, are valued at one hundred dollars. Here is one of his sentiments:

"Ah, the ill we do in tenderness, and the hateful horror of love!

It has sent more souls to the unslaked Pit than it will ever draw above."

A Librarian's Preference

The librarian of a small town in Massachusetts once wrote a poem which belongs in the Anthology. He believed in accessible libraries and making them useful. His name was Sam Walter Foss, and everyone has read the verses of which the following is a reminder:

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn in the peace
of their self content,
There are souls like stars that dwell apart in a fellowless
firmament,
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths where
highways never ran,
Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a
friend to man.

The Supreme Hymn

Collyer tells this anecdote: I well remember one day when the subject of "the supreme hymn" was the object of a discussion between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the so-called hymns were mere pieces of cabinet-work. Then his voice deepened, his eyes shone, as we remember him in his noblest moments, as he said: "One hymn I think supreme." Emerson threw his head back, as he always did when his attention was arrested, and waited. Dr. Holmes repeated the first verse:

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

"I know—I know," exclaimed Emerson. "That is the supreme hymn."

The Old Oak

In Memoriam W. E. Gladstone

His feet laid hold of the marl and earth, his head was in
the sky,
He had seen a thousand bud and burst, he had seen a
thousand die;
And none knew when he began to be, of trees, that grew on
that ground—
Lord of the wood, king of the oaks, monarchs of all around.
And, towering high over others, the wind in his branches
roared,
Yet never a limb did the tempest break, or shatter a bough
that soared;
Only the ripe young acorns it flung to the earth at his
kneees,
And they sprung up themselves in their season, a belt of
protecting trees.
But at length, when the storms were over, and still was the
forest dell,
Unbattered, unbeaten, unbroken, he bowed himself and fell;
And the breadth of that mighty clearing when the giant
had gone from his place
Was like to the scene of a hundred oaks in the waste of its
empty space.

Hall Caine

The Set of the Sail

One ship drives east and another drives west,
With the selfsame winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which tells us the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Wisdom of a Student in Arms

Donald Hankey was a Student in Arms who died at the front. His notes and little plays and letters were published after his death. One of his chapters, called "The Wisdom of the Student in Arms", contained the following:

"Religion is the widening of a man's horizon so as to include God. It is in the nature of a speculation, but its returns are immediate."

"True religion means betting one's life that there is a God. Its immediate fruits are courage, stability, calm, unselfishness, friendship, humility, and hope."

"Faith is an effective force whose measure has never yet been taken."

"Belief in God may be illusion, but it is an illusion that pays."

This is much like the doctrine Honore Balzac once preached in "The Country Doctor."

The American

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays;
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise—
Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate,
Or match with Destiny for beers.
Lo! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast,
And, in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last!

Kipling

Horace to the Slackers

There is one pagan poet, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, who made it his business to stimulate the slackers of his native land.

Rome, teach thine offspring to sustain
Stern poverty; to wield the spear,
To spur the war-horse o'er the plain
And smite the Parthian foe with fear.

.
Blessed who for his country dies
Blessed and honored!

In his Secular Hymn he makes a fervent prayer that should appeal to any aspiring race:

Ye gods! if Rome be yours, to placid Age
Give timely rest; to docile Youth
Grant the rich heritage
Of morals, modesty, and truth:
On Rome herself bestow a teeming race,
Wealth, Empire, Faith, and all befitting grace.
Vouchsafe to Venus' and Anchises' heir,
Who offers at your shrines
Due sacrifice to milk-white kine,
Justly to rule, to pity, and to dare,
To crush insulting hosts, the prostrate foeman spare!
The haughty Mede has learnt to fear
The Alban axe, the Latian spear,
And Scythians, suppliant now, await
The conqueror's doom, their coming fate.
Honour and Peace, and pristine Shame,
And Virtue's oft dishonoured name,
Have dared, long exiled, to return,
And with them, Plenty lifts her golden horn.
Augur Apollo! Bearer of the bow!
Warrior and Prophet! Loved one of the nine!
Healer in sickness! Comforter in woe!
If still the templed crags of Palatine
And Latium's fruitful plains to thee are dear,

Perpetuate for cycles yet to come,
Mightier in each advancing year,
The ever-growing might and majesty of Rome.
Thou, too, Diana, from thy Aventine
And Algidus' deep woods look down and hear
The voice of those who guard the Books Divine,
And to thy Youthful Choir incline a loving ear.

Return we home! We know that Jove
And all the gods our song approve
To Pheobus and Diana given:
The virgin hymn is heard in heaven.

De Vere

The First Great War Oration

In the year B. C. 431 the funeral of those who first fell in the Peloponnesian war was celebrated in accordance with an old national custom. Thucydides says, describing the ceremony: "The bones of the dead are placed in chests made of cypress wood and arranged under a tent at the public sepulchre situated in the most beautiful spot outside the city walls. When the remains have been lain in the earth some man of known ability and high reputation delivers a suitable oration over them; after which the people depart."

Over those who were first buried Pericles was chosen to speak and paid them this tribute:

"The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands

there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war."

Back to the Farm

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
 I stand and look at them long and long.
 They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
 Not one kneels to another, nor his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.
 So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
 They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.

Walt Whitman

The Adventure of a Rose

Sometimes one finds poetry in a College Song Book. Mr. F. C. Knowles wrote a poem which appears in the Wesleyan Song Book. It is a daintily written fancy worthy of imaginative and susceptible youth :

O Rose, climb up to her window,
 And in through the casement reach,
 And say what I may not utter,
 In your beautiful silent speech!
 She will shake the dew from your petals,
 She will press you close to her lips,
 She will hold you never so lightly,
 In her warm, white finger tips.
 And then—who can tell?—she may whisper
 (While the city sleeps below)
 I was dreaming of him when you woke me,
 But, Rose, he must never know.

O Captain! My Captain!

Walt Whitman rarely wrote in rhyming verse. When he did, as in the following, he wrote the most affecting poem ever written on the death of a great man. Perhaps only those who lived in those days and felt the national reaction to the assassination of Lincoln can appreciate fully the pathos and the note of personal affection and sorrow in Whitman's poem.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up!—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning.

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The Water Lily

O, star on the breast of the river,
O, marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall straight down from Heaven
Out of the sweetest place!
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun—
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?
Nay, nay, I fell not out of Heaven,
None gave me my saintly white,
It slowly grew from the blackness,
Far down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river,
I won my glory and grace;
White souls fall not, O, my poet,
They rise to the sweetest place.

Mary Frances Butts

Some Questions Answered

Why are we here? Where do we go?
What is the good? What do we know?
Do we live to live? Or live to die?
Why do we worry? Why ask why?
These are your queries, and they show
What a number of things you need to know.
Now my modest Muse finds here no call
To tell why the Great Power made us all.
The thing is finished, and here we are;
And the job we have: Shall we make or mar?
The stars make light—twice two makes four:
Shall we fret to know why they don't make more?
Not why things are, but what shall we do
Is the test the Lord puts fine souls thro'.

Then take those pleasures that come each day,
Yet strive to do what the High Gods say.
If you do these things—so past lives teach—
You will gather the joys which the good saints preach.
And you'll leave at last, we Seers all sing,
On a certain trip to a Better Thing.
And the good of it all? For better or worse,
You have added yourself to the Universe,

D. A.

The Flower of Liberty

A Boston doctor, Oliver Wendall Holmes, wrote some immortal lines on the American Flag:

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
On blackening frosts or crimson dew,
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice Holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail to the banner of the free,
The Starry Flower of Liberty.

Mark Twain's Epitaph to His Daughter

Verse which Mark Twain had placed on his daughter's tombstone:

Warm Summer sun,
Shine kindly here.
Warm Southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

Ode on Immortality

The prevalence of Free Verse and of the new poetry has not lessened the vogue or the appeal of the great Victorians. Wordsworth's position, for example, has been raised rather than lowered in the progress of the years. He shows that it is possible to appeal to a wider range of feeling than pure aesthetics. After all, emotion is the mental state associated with primal instincts. One of them is that of sacrifice and duty and one of them is that associated with the aspiration for life—even immortal life. One can be didactic and also poetic, if the didactic relates to and inspires emotion connected with our primal instincts. This would be the modern psychological explanation and justification of the art of Wordsworth—who is also not always didactic. For he also appealed most eloquently to the love of country and home and to the sense of beauty aroused by landscape and seascape.

In these days one can read Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality* with special pertinence and enjoyment. It is more convincing, or at least satisfactory, than all the books on psychic research which have appeared in these late years.

We print the best part. Having read this, get your Oxford Book of Verse and read it all.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Falling from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem like moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though in land far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

To the Future Sweetheart

The young man who has not yet fallen in love, generally has the possibility in the back of his mind. To this young person the following lines make an appeal.

Richard Crashaw, who wrote them, was not a great poet, but he sometimes sang well, and happily applauded the

“Life that dares send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes say, Welcome, friend!”

But the poem we quote he called *Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*:

Whoe'er she be
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth:

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine.

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

Keats' Last Sonnet

Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries

Printed in the London Times, October 31, 1917

This poem awakened a great deal of interest both in England and in this country. It has been translated into Greek by W. D. Woodhead and again by J. M. Edmonds. It is one of the great epitaphs of the great war.

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages, and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

Captain of My Soul

These verses by W. E. Henley are the utterances of a brave spirit in suffering. They furnish the strongest appeal I know to the believer in the creative force of the spirit as against the sagging notes of the modern mechanical interpreters of nature to whom life is only a series of the adjustments and readjustments of fate.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

A Pagan Invocation

Lucretius was a Latin poet who sang about

“The gods who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred, everlasting calm.”

He denied that the gods were of any use even if they existed.

Some one has written that Lucretius

“Lifts
His golden feet upon those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven.”

He sang eloquently and fervently concerning the nature of the universe, and concerning the greatness and truth of the doctrine of Epicurus. His theme also was the earth and the starry universe. Lucretius wrote some beautiful passages of poetry and there are said to be no finer lines in Latin epic literature than those of the introduction to his *De Rerum Natura*:

Mother of the Aeneadae, darling of men and gods, increase-giving Venus, who beneath the gliding signs of heaven fillest with thy presence the ship-carrying sea, the corn-bearing lands, since through thee every kind of living thing is conceived, rises up and beholds the light of the sun. Before thee, goddess, flee the winds, the clouds of heaven; before thee and thy advent; for thee and thy advent; for thee earth manifold in works puts forth sweet-smelling flowers; for thee the levels of the sea do laugh and heaven propitiated shines with outspread light.

Translated by H. A. J. Munro

A Greek Song to the Nightingale

Aristophanes was a Greek poet and dramatist who put the most telling and violent satire, and grossest horse-play, into his work—yet who mingled this with some of the most beautiful lyrics ever composed.

| We print here the Song of Hoopoe to the Nightingale. It is in the Comedy of The Birds.

Cease, my mate, from slumber now;
 Let the sacred hymn-notes flow,
 Wailing with thy voice divine
 Long-wept Itys, mine and thine.
 So, when thy brown beak is thrilling
 With that holy music-trilling
 Through the woodbine's leafy bound
 Swells the pure melodious sound
 To the throne of Zeus; and there
 Phoebus of the golden hair,
 Hearing, to thine elegies
 With the awaken'd chords replies
 On his ivory-clasped lyre,
 Stirring all the Olympian quire;
 Till from each immortal tongue
 Of that blessed heavenly throng
 Peals the full harmonious song.

Kennedy's Translation

"The Tenderest Lines Ever Written in the English Tongue"

He there doth now enjoy eternal rest
 And happy ease which thou dost want and crave
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What though some pain the little passage have
 That makes frail flesh to dread the bitter wave?
 Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please.

Spenser

The Rose

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Edmund Waller

Melodious Rhyme

John Milton was a lover of music and a thorough musician. This fact often gave a certain special melodiousness to his poetry. These verses almost sing themselves:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And Leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glorious wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No;
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

In Flanders' Fields

We have not published many war poems in the "Fragments," but Col. John McCrae's "In Flanders' Field" had a wide popular appeal,—and remains one of the finest poems of the war. It had a response which was published in 1917.

In Flanders' fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

To this R. W. Lillard wrote an answer in verses ending:

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The Torch ye threw to us is caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lessons that ye taught
In Flanders' fields.

An Ancient Hymn to Peace

Henry Vaughan (1621-1692) was an excellent exponent of intensive verse. He wrote his very best into a few stanzas and then he would drop to lower levels. Altogether his poems make but a small volume. No one wrote more beautiful descriptive or sacred verse than he did in his high moods. It is a pity that so much trivial stuff is being printed now and Henry Vaughan forgotten. We publish a timely piece.

My soul, there is a countrie
Afär beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Centri
All skillful in the wars.

There, abobe noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend
And (Oh my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

Poems to Those Who Died at Sea

Many poets have written verses lamenting the death of some beloved one drowned at sea. The Latin poet Propertius wrote one of the first, and he sang his best in an Elegy on his friend Paetus who was drowned, "and had for a tomb the whole Carpathian sea."

The "billows have no gods" (*Non unda habet deos*), sang Propertius, "for

All the ropes which held thee to the rocks
Gave way before the storms of night.
O, ye murdered daughters of father Nerius
And thou, Thetis, who hast also known
A mother's grief,
Ye should have placed your arms beneath his tired chin;
He could not have weighed down your hands."

John Milton wrote a more inspired song in his Elegy on the death of his friend who was drowned in the Irish Channel. He tells us first how he and his friend grew up together:

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

The pagan poet could only lament his loss, but Milton offers consolations:

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his dropping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Mediaeval Students' Songs

Many students' songs (*Carmina Clerica*) were written in the later middle ages. They sing the praise of wine, of love, of learning and of alma mater. The potatory element rather dominates, but it is often restrained.

AVE, VINUM

*Vinum bonum et suave
 Bonis bonum, pravis prave
 Cunctis dulcis sapor, ave!
 Mundana laetitia.*

"Here's to good and pleasant wine,
 Good for the good; bad for the bad."

*Ave, sospes in modestis
 In gulosis mala pestis
 Post amissionem vestis
 Sequitur patibulum.*

"Safe and healthful to the moderate,
 An evil pestilence to soakers."

Infinitus et Immensus

The middle ages contributed to poetry certain rhymed Latin hymns. They were meant to be sung or chanted; and they were most effective because of their simplicity, sonority and religious appeal. Adam de St. Victor, a lyrical poet of the twelfth century, wrote such verse.

He portrays The Greatness of God and the plan of redemption in a stanza:

*Infinitus et Immensus,
Quem non capit ullus sensus
Nec locorum spatia.
Ex eterno temporales,
Ex immenso fit localis,
Ut restauret omnia.*

Infinity, Immensity
No sense can apprehend Him
Nor the boundlessness of His dwelling.
Yet out of eternity he created time
Out of Immensity, a place,
That He might save the world.

A Description of God

*Super cuncta, subter cuncta,
Extra cuncta, intra cuncta,
Infra cuncta, nec inclusus;
Extra cuncta, nec exclusus;
Super cuncta, nec elatus;
Subter cuncta, nec substratus:
Super totus, praesidendo;
Subter totus, sustiando;
Extra totus, complectendo;
Intra totus est implendo.*

According to Hildebert, Bishop of Le Mans, these lines describe God, and Hildebert, says Mr. Henry Adams, was the first poet of his time (1055-1133).

“God is over all things, under all things;
Outside all, inside all;
Within but not enclosed;
Without but not excluded;
Above but not raised up;
Below but not depressed;
Wholly above, presiding;
Wholly beneath, sustaining;
Wholly without, embracing;
Wholly within, filling.”

A Greek Epigram

The Greek Anthology has some beautiful things, though most of it is made up of rather uninteresting epitaphs and epigrams. A writer in the Nineteenth Century has called attention to the fact that some of the verses are like early English lyrics. He gives the following poem by Philodemus:

I loved—and you. I played—Who hath not been
Steeped in such play? If I was mad, I ween
’Twas for a God and no earthly queen.

Hence with it all. Then dark my youthful head,
Where now scant locks of whitening hair instead,
Reminders of grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
Playtime is past, my play is ended, too.
Awake, my heart! and worthier aims pursue.

Art

Art only, when all’s dust
Through endless years shall dwell;
The bust
Outlasts the citadel.

Théophile Gautier

A Lovely Snake

In the Ninth Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the poet describes the approach of the serpent to Eve. The description is unmatched in the annals of natural history, for the snake is made a fascinating and an appealing object to Eve, who stands watching:

"Fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods."

The late Colonel Roosevelt would perhaps have called Milton a nature fakir, but he would have forgiven him for the beauty of the lines:

"So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In serpent, innate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head
Crested oloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amid his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
and lovely;"

The Face of Helen

There are times in which Christopher Marlowe wrote notable verse.

Mephistopheles conjures up the shape of Helen of Greece, in order to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come Helen, come give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips.

And all is dross that is not Helena.
O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarchs of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shall be my paramour."

Bedouin Love Song

Bayard Taylor wrote mostly very ordinary verse, but when it came to songs of love he was a poet and more than oriental. The newly-wed should read his Possession and abide by it and all lovers sing the refrain of the Bedouin Love Song:

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from my window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in your disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Immortality

There was once a Dana who occasionally wrote real poetry;
but he lived many years ago.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?

.
O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! T'is in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve.
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

R. H. Dana, Sr.

A Great Lyrist

The centennial of Shelley's death brought out many appreciations of his genius as well as revival of older critical opinions. We are reminded that Matthew Arnold once said, with modifying notes, that Shelley in poetry is a "beautiful angel with luminous wings." Other and later critics have called him "the supreme lyrist of the world." He wrote, we are told, the best chamber tragedy since Shakespeare (*The Cenci*), and the most beautiful of elegies (*Adonais*). He wrote perhaps the best of his lyrics in the last three years of his life and they are lyrics which will always enchant the world.

Here is a familiar stanza from "Love's Philosophy",

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;

No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained it's brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Under the head of "Poems of Disappointment and Estrangement" William Cullen Bryant places Shelley's poem, beginning—

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead,
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

A feeling, or aspiration, which "the heart lifts above" love is subtly suggested in the poem of two stanzas beginning "One word is too often profaned".

The last stanza is the better:

I can not give what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

Everyone should know *The Skylark* by heart, or parts of it. Life is mellowed by reading it.

The reaction to Shelley's lyrics is one of the best tests of a capacity to appreciate the art of poetry, for they have music and form and imagination and feeling, compounded in such a way as to awaken the vibrations of any one who has the least aesthetic responsiveness.

To the Ladies of the Court

Ben Jonson made many translations from the classics, one of which was Horace's "Ars Poetica". The first edition of this, published in London in 1640, is very rare and has a special interest because appended to it are a number of pieces by Jonson never before published. These consist of the "Masque of the Gypsies", an "Execration", and several epigrams, odes and sonnets.

Sir Edward Herbut, then ambassador to France, writes this introductory poem "to his friend Ben Jonson; and his Translation."

TWas not enough, *Ben Jonson* to be thought
 Of English Poets best, but to have brought
 In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
 Made equall to himselfe and thee; that none
 Might be thy second: while thy glory is
 To be the *Horace* of our times, and his.

Among the Odes is one, "To the Ladies of the Court", which shows something of the dress and attitude of ladies of that day.

Come Noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
 The joyes for which you so provide;
 If not to mingle with us men,
 What doe you here? goe home agen:
 Your dressings doe confesse,
 By what we see, so curious arts,
 Of *Pallas* and *Arachnes* Arts,
 That you could meane no less.
 Why doe you weare the Silke-worms toyles?
 Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles?
 Or strive to shew the grains of Ore,
 That you have gathered long before,
 Whereof to make a stocke
 To graft the green Emerald on,
 Or any better water'd stone,
 Or Ruby of the Rock?

Hadrian's Address to His Soul

In his last days the Emperor Hadrian is said to have suffered from an incurable malady and to have been tortured with pain. Just before his death he penned to his departing soul the following "playfull address" which has become famous and which would be more so if it could be well translated. However, the vocatives of the first and fourth lines do not need translation:

*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes eomesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula—
Nec, ut soles, dabis iocos?*

Mr. T. S. Jerome in his charming work, *Roman Memories*, says:

"It seems to be the penalty imposed on all who write of Hadrian to offer a rendition in some modern tongue of these elusive verses; but no translation of them can preserve their 'tender, delicate grace, half playful, half despairing as it is.' A collection published by David Johnston in 1876 contains one hundred and sixteen of these attempts. The one hundred and seventeenth reads as follows:"

Genial, little, vagrant sprite,
Long my body's friend and guest,
To what place is now thy flight?
Pallid, stark and naked quite,
Stripped henceforth of joke and jest.

Two Chinese Poems

The Chinese were great in poetry as well as in the other arts.

The most popular and widely known of Chinese poets was Li-po or Tai-po, A. D. 705-762, popularly known as

the Banished Angel (the name sometimes given to alcohol in the United States since prohibition). But Tai-po was called an angel because his poetry was so heavenly. It was written under the influence of wine—according to an improbable and unprofitable tale. He met his death by drowning, having leaned too far out of a boat to embrace the image of the moon. Miss Amy Lowell co-operating with a translator, Mrs. Ayscough, gives us this version of his poem called

Drinking Alone in the Moonlight

If Heaven did not love the wine,
 There would be no Wine Star in Heaven.
 If Earth did not love wine,
 There would be no Wine Springs on Earth.
 Why then be ashamed before Heaven to love wine?
 I have heard that clear thick wine is like the Sages:
 Again it is said that thick wine is like the Virtuous
 Worthies.
 Wherefore it appears that we have swallowed both
 Sages and Worthies.
 Why should we strive to be Gods and Immortals?
 Three cups, and one can perfectly understand the
 Great Tao;
 A gallon, and one is in accord with all nature.
 Only those in the midst of it can fully understand the
 joys of wine;
 I do not proclaim them to the sober.

But Tai was also serious, if one may judge from his poem entitled "Profound Virtue." This is a little mystical and perhaps needs its context. I cannot give the name of the translator.

They who know speak not,
 And they who speak know not;

To close the mouth and shut the gates,
To blunt the point which lacerates,
To simplify what complicates;
To temper brightness in its glare,
The shadows of the dust to share,
The Deep's identity declare.
A man like that cannot be got
And loved, and then discarded be;
Cannot be got by profit's bribe,
Cannot be got for injury,
Cannot be got by honor's gift,
Nor got for cheap humility,
And so becomes, throughout the world,
The type of high humanity.

The Four Greatest Sonnets

Mr. Watts-Dunton, who is the last word on Sonnets, says that the sonnet is so artistic in form without being coldly artificial, that it enables the poet to express his emotion effectively yet quietly "as if he were whispering behind a mask."

The Sonnet has been used as a poetic form by nearly all great poets from Petrarch to the Victorians.

The Shakespearean sonnet is made up of three quatrains and a couplet, an arrangement which makes for what Watts-Dunton calls pensive sweetness; while the Petrarchian sonnet of an octave and sextet makes more for sonority. One would say that the Shakespearean form tells the story better, the Petrarchian form is more musical.

The following are the four greatest English sonnets of pure emotion, according to Mr. T. W. Crosland in his book, "The English Sonnet". Literary critics will perhaps disagree with this estimate; but the sonnets are good and literary critics are sometimes not.

Renouncement

I must not think of thee; and tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
The love of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the dearest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet
 bright;
But must it never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Alice Meynell

Love's Farewell

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay I have done. You get no more of me!
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given
 him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

Michael Drayton

Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky:
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Wordsworth

By the Sea

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not,

Wordsworth

Another authority selects the following as the four greatest sonnets.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands, at his bidding, speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

Milton

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Shakespeare

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Wordsworth

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats

Literary People

There was never a time when literary people were taken as seriously as now. It was not always so.

Dr. Guy Patin, a famous professor of medicine in the seventeenth century, once wrote:

“People of letters are usually a good sort, without ambition fortunately for themselves, for they could never find means of gratifying it. They are fitted only to write books and breed children. As the incomparable Grotius said in a letter about Vossius, father of many children, that he doubted:

Scribetne accuratius an gigneret felicius.

“Whether he wrote more accurately or propagated more felicitously.”

“O! for a Booke”

The following lines are supposed to have come from an “old book”, but they were in fact written by a London bookseller to activate his wares. Such is the statement of Mr. Austin Dobson in his *Bookman's Budget*.

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
 eyther in-a-doore or out;
 With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
 or the Streete cryes all about,
 Where I may Reade all at my ease,
 both of the Newe and Olde;
 For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
 is better to me than Golde.

A Phantasy

On moonless evenings when the wind is still
 I light my gardens with three mimic moons,
 The festive paper lanterns of Japan.
 One from a low-hung limb of apple tree,

Another from a maple by the wall,
And one suspended from the well-curb's yoke.
There they bloom softly in the velvet dark,
Making a little world of golden light
Until the short-lived candles sputter flare
And one by one my moons are blotted out;
And on the mind of my glad phantasy
I see the shining of the great far stars.

The Immortal Lines in Festus

Many years ago Mr. Philip James Bailey, Barrister-at-Law, wrote a long didactic poem called Festus. It will still be found in the libraries of our grandparents. A reviewer of this work says:

"Probably of all the thousands of lines of "Festus" the only ones familiar to the present generation are found in this passage, which has embedded itself in the thought of the contemporary world as an expression of its aspiration:"

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;—
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

A Motto and a Prayer

A certain person chooses as a motto—to guide one's life—the following, which is both a motto and a prayer:

"Show me the way and give me strength to keep in it."

I was asked to turn it into Latin—a famous language for mottoes and inscriptions. I asked my friend Dr. Arpad G. Gerster, who grew up with the tongue, to make the translation and it is this:

Monstra iter, praebe vias te duce ut sequar.

Coincident Inspirations of Philemon and Walt Whitman

Mr. John W. Chadwick calls attention to a poem by the Greek poet Philemon who died B. C. 262. The sentiment of the Greek was revived and expressed again by Walt Whitman. Philemon writes this:

“Happy the animals! They do not bother
Their heads about this question and another;
None make inquiries, none need take the trouble
To prove that black is white, or single double.
No self-inflicted woes, no cares have they;
All their own nature, their own laws obey.
We mortals live a life not worth the living,
To laws and politics attention giving,
For some providing, pedigrees unwinding,
Yet some excuse for worry always finding.”

The Whitman passage is as follows:

“I think I could turn and live with animals; they are
so placid and self-contained;
I stand and look at them long and long,
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their
sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago,
No one is respectable or unhappy over the whole
earth.”

Here is no deadly parallel, says Mr. Chadwick, but one sufficiently striking, considering the distance from Camden to Athens, the twenty-two hundred intervening years, and the improbability that Whitman ever saw the Greek passage or heard of Philemon.

One of the Twelve Perfect Poems

A critic writing of Swinburne's poems, says:

"The charm, perfect mechanism, and lyric sweetness of his verse may be seen to the full in the exquisite poem, 'A Match,' which has been called one of the dozen perfect poems in the language. Four stanzas are given below:

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
 And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons

And tears of night and morrow
 And laughs of maid and boy;
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

The Wordsworthian Theory of Poetry

The style and art of Wordsworth still have some admirers despite the anti-Victorians.

A reviewer takes from "Actaeon's Defense and Other Poems" by Alice Wilson, the following concluding stanzas, which express, he thinks, rather neatly the Wordsworthian theory of poetry:

Too great is love while loving
 For heart to realize,
 Too dear is song while singing
 To treasure e'er it dies.

But lying in seclusion,
 When life is overpast,
 The heart its joys remembering
 Creates the song at last.

Kubla Khan

Verses from an Opium Dream; perhaps of Samuel Taylor Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But some say this was written before Coleridge began to take opium.

A Poet's Self-Analysis

This personality study was made by the poet Gray at the age of twenty-five. It may be commended to the youth of any generation.

He speaks of himself as possessing:

"A reasonable quantity of dullness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society.——a sensibility for

what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth and a detestation of anything else——.”

The Salutation of the Dawn

From the Sanskrit

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!
 Look to this Day! For it is Life,
 The very Life of Life.
 In its brief course lie all the Varieties
 And Realities of your Existence;
 The Bliss of Growth,
 The Glory of Action,
 The Splendor of Beauty:
 For Yesterday is but a Dream,
 And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
 But today well lived
 Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
 And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
 Look well therefore to this Day!
 Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

The Roundel

The Roundel is a heraldic device, and is also a poem written in a peculiar form. It is described by Swinburne as follows :

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-
 bright sphere,
 With craft of delight and with cunning of
 sound unsought,
 That the heart of the hearer may smile if
 to pleasure his ear
 A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of
 aught—
 Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance
 of rapture or fear—
 That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear
 of thought.
 As a bird's quick song runs round, and the
 hearts in us hear
 Pause answer to pause, and again the same
 strain caught,
 So moves the device whence, round as a
 pearl or tear,
 A roundel is wrought.

An Old French Song

MONSIEUR DENIS

En mil sept cent deaux, mon coeur
 Vous declara son ardeur:
 J'etais un petit volcan:
 Souvenez-vous-en, souvenez-vous-en...
 Feu des premieres amours
 Que ne brulez-vous toujours?

MADAME DENIS

On nous maria, je crois
 A Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois.
 J'etais mise en satin-blanc
 Souvenez-vous-en, souvenez-vous-en.
 De plaisir charmans a-tours,
 Je vous conserve toujours.

Monsieur Denis, se mettrant sur son seant
 Comme j'etais etoffe

Mme. Denis, s'assayant de meme
 Comme vous etes coiffe!

MONSIEUR DENIS

Habit jaune en bouracan
 Souvenez-vous-en, souvenez-vous-en.

Another Phantasy

And is this then delusion? can it be
That like the rest high heaven is phantasy?
Can God's implicit promise be but one
Among so many visions all undone?

Nay, if on earth two souls thro' sundering fate
Can save their sisterhood inviolate,
If dimness and deferment, time and pain,
Have no more lasting power upon those twain
Than stormy thunderclouds which, spent and done,
Leave grateful earth still gazing on the sun,—
If their divine hope gladly can forgo
Such nearness as this wretched flesh can know,
While, spite of all that even themselves can do,
Each by her own truth feels the other true:—
Faithful no less is God, who having won
Our spirits to His endless unison
Betrays not our independence, nor can break
The oath unuttered which His silence spake.

F. W. H. Myers

The Greek Anthology

The Greek Anthology is a body of poetry in the form of inscriptions, dedications, prayers and epigrams which appeared from 700 B. C. to 1000 A. D. It is therefore a form of poetry which remained alive, as Mackail says, for 1700 years.

About 4000 of these poems have been preserved in two collections, made in the tenth and fourteenth centuries, and there are many others, not in these collections.

J. W. Mackail has made two anthologies with translations, grouping the verses under the headings, Love, Prayers, Epitaphs, Literature and Art, Religion, Nature, The Family, Beauty, Fate, The Human Comedy, Earth, Life.

A Doctor named Nicias, a friend of Theocritus, wrote the following inscription for

A WAYSIDE TOMB

Sit beneath the poplars here, traveler,
When thou art weary!
And drawing nigh drink of our spring;
Then when later far away
Remember the fountain that Simus set
By the side of Gillus
His dead child.

In this same anthology is the following by Meleager:

ODI ET AMO

(*I Hate and I Love*)

Take this message, Dorcas; do again a second and third time, Dorcas, take her all my message; run; delay no longer; fly. Wait a little, Dorcas, prithee a little; Dorcas, whither so fast before learning all I would say? And add to what I have just said—or rather—I am a fool; say nothing at all—only that—say everything; spare not to say everything. Yet why do I send you out, Dorcas, when myself, see, I go forth with you?

This, also from the Anthology, is by Rufinus.

The Greek Sculptors

Ah! where is now Praxiteles? and where the hands of
Heraclite
That wrought of old such images, as made the marble
breathe delight?
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning
glance of Melite,
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendours of
her bosom be?
Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you
at a lover's nod
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the statue of
a God!

A Misogynist's Song

Sir Walter Scott wrote the following lines. They are untrue and unjust, but they fit an occasional mood as when a young man has been rejected by his best girl:

The verses occur in his novel "The Betrothed."

Woman's faith and woman's trust—
 Write the characters in dust;
 Stamp them on the running stream,
 Paint them on the moon's pale beam,
 And each evanescent letter
 Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
 And more permanent, I ween,
 Than the things those letters mean.
 I have strain'd the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;
 I have weigh'd a grain of sand
 Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
 I hold my true love of the token,
 How her faith proved light and her word was broken;
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

There Is a Tavern in the Town

This tavern was once melodiously celebrated by a student song of mediæval times as follows:

*Meum est propositum in taberna mori;
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint angelarum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic potatori.*

Take me to a tavern when my time has come for
 dying;

Put a bottle to my lips when I stark am lying,
 So that when the angels for my spirit come a-flying,
 "God comfort this old drunkard," they will all be crying.

To Faunus

AN ODE BY HORACE PUT IN FOUR LANGUAGES

One of the most charming and musical of the Odes of Horace is that to Faunus.

AD FAUNUM

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
aequus alumnis,
si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
vina craterae, vetus ara multo
fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres;
festus in pratis vacat otioso
cum bove pagus;
inter audaces lupus errat agnos;
spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes;
gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
ter pede terram.

Ode 18, Book III

Thou lover of the flying Nymphs—oh fare
Indulgent through these sunny fields of mine,
Nor, Faunus, leave the younglings of my kine
Without thy care;

If every year a kid for thee I spare;
And Venus' friend—the cup—ne'er lack for wine
And smouldering redolent, thine olden shrine
Make sweet the air

With the December Nones our praises flow;
The herds all idly roam the grassy leas;
The village, festive, loitering, is with these
Afield also:

Scherza il bestiame per gli erbosi campi
 quando ti tornan le decembri None;
 co' riposanti buoi lieto ne' prati
 ozia il paese;

va errando il lupo fra gli agnelli audaci;
 sparge le agresti fronde a te la selva;
 urta in tre note il suolo invisibile, e gode
 lo zappatore.

AN FAUNUS

Faunus, o Liebkooser um scheue Nymfen,
 Durch die Feldmark mir und die Sonnenacker,
 Wolle sanft hinwandeln, und hold den kleinen
 Zöglingen abgehen;

Wenn am Jahrfest blutet ein zartes Böcklein,
 Und der Mischkrug dir, ein Genoss der Venus,
 Reiches Weins nicht darbt, und des Moosaltars
 Vieler Geruch damft!

Alles Vieh frohlockt in dem grünen Anger,
 Wenn gekehrt dir sind die Decembersonnen;
 Mussig feiert durch Wiesen das Dorf, und mussig
 Weidet der Pflugstier.

Ohne Furcht sehn Lämmer den Wolf gesellet;
 Ehrend streut dir landliches Laub die Waldung;
 Fröhlich stamft Erdreich, das ihn quält, der Graber,
 Hupfend im Dreischlag.

The Land of Heart's Desire

Many think that W. B. Yeats is a poet. He wrote a little play called *The Land of Heart's Desire*; it would be said in modern vernacular that it had "fairy stuff" in it. It is very charming and was presented once—about twenty odd years ago—at a theatre in New York. At the end of the play the little heroine, if she is a heroine, dies; and Father Hart, the good priest says:

"Thus do the spirits of evil snatch their prey
Almost out of the very hand of God;
And day by day their power is more and more,
And men and women leave old paths, for pride
Comes knocking with thin knuckles on the heart."

Then a voice sings outside:

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue."

William Blake's Reaction to the Dawn

William Blake, poet and artist, has lately come into much vogue, and with reason. In Gilchrist's now almost priceless autobiography of Blake he gives, opposite the title page, a quotation from Blake's "Vision of the Last Judgment" when "bad art and science would be overwhelmed" and "error or creation would be burned up."

"I assert, for myself, that I do not behold the outward creation, and that for me it is a hindrance and not action. 'What', it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty. I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it."

Two Valedictories

An old book called the Regimen of Health of the School of Salernum, having given all the rules for correct living, ends in valedictories. One is translated by Haryngton of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and one by Dr. John Ordonaux, of the late Victorian period. We close this collection with the two valedictories:

And here I cease to write,
But will not cease,
To wish you live in health
And die in peace.
And Ye (our physicke rules)
That friendly read:
God grant that Psysicke
You may never need.

Haryngton, 1608

VALEDICTORY

The flower of Physic endeth here its strain;
The Author, happy o'er his garnered grain,
Prays that in Heaven there be prepared for him,
A seat near Christ, and His blest Seraphim.
Amen!

Ordronaux

EXPLICIT tractatus qui Flos Medicinæ vocatur,
Auctor erat gratus, per quem fuit abbreviatus;
Sublimis status coelo sit ei preparatus;
Christi per latus stet cum Sanctis elevatus.
Amen!

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